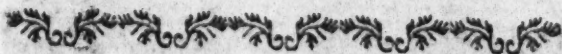




THE
CONTRIVANCES.

A
BALLAD OPERA.



THE

THE

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

UNITED STATES

THE
CONTRIVANCES.

A

BALLAD OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

AND

COVENT-GARDEN.

By HARRY CAREY.



L O N D O N:

Printed for and Sold by W. OXLADE, at SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD, MIDDLE-ROW, HOLBORN.

M DCC LXXVII.

CONTRIVANCES

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ARGUS, *Father to ARETHUSA*
HEARTY, *Father to ROVEWELL*
ROVEWELL, *in love with ARETHUSA*
ROBIN, *Servant to ROVEWELL*
FIRST MOB
SECOND MOB
THIRD MOB
BOY

W O M E N.

ARETHUSA, *in love with ROVEWELL*
BETTY, *her Maid*
WOMAN MOB

SCENE, LONDON.





THE
CONTRIVANCES.

SCENE, Rovewell's Lodgings.

Robin Solus.

WELL! tho' pimping is the most honourable and profitable of all professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all fatigues, there's none like following a virtuous mistress—There's not one letter I carry, but I run the risque of kicking, caning, or pumping; nay, often hanging—Let me see; I have committed three burglaries to get one letter to her—Now if my master should not get the gypsey at last, I have ventur'd my sweet person to a fair purpose---But, Basta! here comes my master and his friend Mr. Hearty--- I must hasten and get our disguises.

*And if Dame Fortune fail us now to win her,
Ob! all ye gods above! the devil's in her.* [Exit.

Enter Rovewell and Hearty.

Hear. Why so melancholy, Captain? Come, come, a man of your gaiety and courage shou'd never take a disappointment so much to heart.

Rov. 'Sdeath! to be prevented when I had brought my design so near perfection!

Hear. Were you less open and daring in your attempts, you might hope to succeed—The old gentleman, you know, is cautious to a degree; his

daughter under a strict confinement: would you use more of the fox than the lion, fortune, perhaps, might throw an opportunity in your way---But you must have patience.

Rov. Who can have patience, when danger is so near? Read this letter, and then tell me what room there is for patience.

[*Hearty reads*]

“ To-morrow will prevent all our vain struggles
 “ to get to each other.——I am then to be married to my eternal aversion; you know the fop,
 “ ’tis Cuckoo, who, having a large estate, is forc’d
 “ upon me; but my heart can be none but Rove-
 “ well’s: Immediately after the receipt of this,
 “ meet Betty at the old place; there is yet one in-
 “ vention left, if you pursue it closely, you may
 “ perhaps release her, who wou’d be your----

“ ARETHUSA.”

Rov. Yes, Arethusa, I will release thee, or die in the attempt. Dear friend, excuse my rudeness; you know the reason.

A I R.

*I’ll face ev’ry danger
 To rescue my dear,
 For fear is a stranger
 Where love is sincere.*

*Repulses but fire us,
 Despair we despise,
 If beauty inspire us
 To pant for the prize.*

[Exit.

Hear. Well, go thy way, and get her, for thou deserv’st her, o’ my conscience.——How have I been deceiv’d in this boy! I find him the very reverse of what his stepmother represented him; and am now sensible it was only her ill usage that forc’d my child away——His not having seen me since he was five years old, renders me a perfect stranger to him——Under that pretence I have got into his acquaintance, and find him all I wish——If this plot of his fails, I believe my money must buy him the girl at last.

[Exit.]

The Contrivances.

7

SCENE, a Chamber in Argus's House.

Arethusa sola.

A I R.

Are See! the radiant queen of night
Sheds on all her kindly beams;
Gilds the plains with chearful light,
And sparkles in the silver streams.

Smiles adorn the face of Nature,
Tasteless all things yet appear
Unto me, a hapless creature,
In the absence of my dear.

Enter Argus.

Arg. Pray, daughter, what lingo is that same
you chaunt and sputter out at this rate?

Are. English, Sir.

Arg. English, quotha! adod I took it to be non-
sense.

Are. 'Tis a hymn to the Moon.

Arg. A hymn to the Moon! I'll have none of
your hymns in my house——Give me the book,
housewife.

Are. I hope, Sir, there's no crime in reading a
harmless poem.

Arg. Give me the book, I say; poems, with a
pox! what are they good for, but to blow up the
fire of love, and make young wenches wanton;—
but I have taken care of you, mistress! for to-mor-
row you shall have a husband to stay your stomach,
and no less a person than 'Squire Cuckoo.

Are. You will not, surely, be so cruel to marry
me to a man I cannot love.

Arg. Why, what sort of man would you have,
Mrs. Minx?

A I R.

Are. Gentle in personage,
Conduct in equipage,
Noble in heritage,
Generous and free.
Brave, not romantick;
Learn'd, not pedantick;
Frolick, not frantick;
This must be he.

The Contrivances.

*Honour maintaining,
 Meanness disdaining,
 Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new.
 Neat, but not finical;
 Sage, but not cynical;
 Never tyrannical;
 But ever true.*

Arg. Why is not Mr. Cuckoo all this? adod he's a brisk young fellow, and a little feather-bed doctrine will soon put the Captain out of your head; and to put you out of his power, you shall be given over to the 'squire to-morrow.

Are. Surely, Sir, you will at least defer it one day.

Arg. No, not one hour——To-morrow morning, at eight of the clock precisely.—In the mean time, take notice the 'squire's sister is hourly expected; so pray do you be civil and sociable with her, and let me have none of your pouts and glouts, as you tender my displeasure. [Exit.]

Are. To-morrow is short warning; but we may be too cunning for you yet, old gentleman.

Enter Betty.

Are. O Betty! welcome a thousand times! what news? have you seen the captain?

Bet. Yes, madam; and if you were to see him in his new rigging, you'd split your sides with laughing——Such a hoyden, such a piece of country stuff, you never set your eyes on——But the petticoats are so soon thrown off, and if good luck attends us, you may easily conjure Miss Malkin, the 'squire's sister, into your own dear captain.

Are. But when will they come?

Bet. Instantly, madam; he only stays to settle matters for our escape. He's in deep consultation with his privy-counsellor, Robin, who is to attend him in the quality of a country putt——They'll both be here in a moment; so let's in, and pack up the jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap into the saddle of liberty, and ride full speed to your desires.

Are. Dear Betty, let's make haste; I think every moment an age till I'm free from this bondage.

The Contrivances.

9

A I R.

*When parents obstinate and cruel prove,
And force us to a man we cannot love,
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid elves,
And wisely get us husbands for ourselves.*

Bet. There they are—in, in.

[A knocking without.]

Argus from above.

Arg. You're woundy hasty, methinks, to knock at that rate—This is certainly some courtier come to borrow money, I know it by the saucy rapping of the footman—Who's at the door?

Rob. Tummos!

[Without doors.]

Arg. Tummos! who's Tummos? Who would you speak with, friend?

Rob. With young master's vather-in-law, that mun be, master Hardguts.

Arg. And what's your business with master Hardguts?

Rob. Why young mistress is come out o'the country to see brother's wife that mun be, that's all.

Arg. Odso, the 'squire's sister; I'm sorry I made her wait so long.

[Goes down and lets 'em in.]

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Argus introducing Rovewell in woman's cloaths, followed by Robin as a clown.

Arg. Save you, fair lady, you're welcome to town. *[Rovewell curtsies.]*—A very modest maiden, truly. How long have you been in town?

Rob. Why an hour and a bit, or so—we just put up horses at King's Arms yonder, and staid a crum to zee poor things feed, for your London ostlers give little enough to poor beasts? and you stond not by 'em your zell, and see e'm fed; as soon as your back's turn'd, adod they'll cheat you afore your face.

Arg. Why how now Clodpate? are you to speak before your mistress, and with your hat on, too? Is that your country breeding?

Rob. Why and it's on, it's on, and it's off, it's off—what cares Tummos for your false-hearted London compliments? And you'd have an answer from young mistress, you mun look to Tummos; for she's so main bashful, she never speaks one word,

but her prayers, and thos'n so softly, that no body can hear her.

Arg. I like her the better for that; silence is a heavenly virtue in a woman, but very rare to be found in this wicked place.—Have you seen your brother, pretty lady! since you came to town? [*Rovewell curtsies.*] O miraculous modesty! wou'd all women were thus? Can't you speak, Madam?

[*Rovewell curtsies again.*]

Rob. And you get a word from her, 'tis more nor she has spoken to us these fourscore and seven long miles; but young mistress will prate fast enough, and you set her among your women folk.

Arg. Say'st thou so, honest fellow! I'll send her to those that have tongue enough, I warrant you. Here, Betty!

Enter Betty.

Take this young lady to my daughter; 'tis squire Cuckoo's sister; and, d'ye hear? make much of her, I charge you.

Bet. Yes, Sir—Please to follow me, madam.

Rev. Now you rogue, for a lie an hour and a half long, to keep the old fellow in suspense.

[*Aside to Robin.*]

[*Exit with Betty.*]

Rob. Well, master! don't you think my mistress a dainty young woman?—She's wonderfully better'd in our country for her shapes.

Arg. Oh, she's a fine creature, indeed!—But where's the 'squire, honest friend?

Rob. Why one cannot find a mon out in this same Londonshire, there are so many taverns and chocklin houses; you may as well seek a needle in a hay fardel, as they say'n i'the country.—I was at 'squire's lodging yonder, and there was nobody but a prate-apace whoreson of a footboy, and he told me maister was at chockling-house, and all the while the vixen did nothing but taunt and laugh at me;—I cod I cou'd have found in my heart to have gi'n him a good wherrit in the chops. So I went to one chockling-house, and another chockling-house, till I was quite weary, and I could see nothing but a many people supping hot suppings, and reading your gazing papers: we had much ado to find out your worship's house; the vixen boys set us o'thick side, and that side, till we were quite almost lost; and it were not for an honest fellow that knowe your worship, and set us i'the right way.

The Contrivances.

I.D

Arg. It's pity they should use strangers so; but as to your young mistress, does she never speak?

Rob. Adod, Sir, never to a mon; why she wo'not speak to her own father, she's so main bashful.

Arg. That's strange, indeed! but how does my friend, Sir Roger? he's well, I hope.

Rob. Hearty still, Sir.——He has drunk down six fox-hunters sin last Lammas!——He holds his old course still; twenty pipes a day, a cup of mum in the morning, a tankard of ale at noon, and three bottles of stingo at night. The same mon now he was thirty years ago; and young 'squire Yedward is just come from varsity: lawd, he's mainly grow'd sin you saw him: he's a fine proper tall gentleman now; why he's near upon as tall as you or I, mun.

Arg. Good now, good now! But would'st drink, honest friend?

Rob. I don't care an I do, a bit or so; for, to say truth, I'm mortal dry.

Arg. Here, John!——

Enter Servant.

Take this honest fellow down, and make him welcome. When your mistress is ready to go, we'll call you.

Rob. Ah! pray take care and make much of me, for I am a bitter honest fellow and you did but know me.

[*Exit Robin with Servant.*]

Arg. These country fellows are very blunt, but very honest. I wou'd fain hear his mistress talk. He said she'd find her tongue when she was amongst those of her own sex.——I'll go listen for once, and hear what the young tits have to say to one another.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Rovewell, Arethusa, and Betty.

Rov. Dear Arethusa delay not the time thus, your father will certainly come in and surprize us.

Bet. Let's make hay while the sun shines, madam! I long to be out of this prison.

Are. So do I, but not on the captain's conditions, to be his prisoner for life.

Rov. I shall run mad if you trifle thus: name your conditions; I sign my consent before hand.

[*Kisses her.*]

Are. Indeed, captain, I'm afraid to trust you.

B

A I R.

*Cease to persuade,
 Nor say you love sincerely,
 When you've betray'd
 You'll treat me most severely,
 And fly what once you did pursue.
 Happy the fair
 Who ne'er believes you,
 But gives despair,
 Or else deceives you,
 And learns inconstancy from you.*

Rev. Unkind Arethusa! I little expected this usage from you.

A I R.

*When did you see
 Any falsehood in me,
 That thus you unkindly suspect me;
 Speak, speak your mind,
 For I fear you're inclin'd,
 In spite of my truth, to reject me.
 If't must be so,
 To the wars I will go,
 Where danger my passion shall smother;
 I'd rather perish there,
 Than linger in despair,
 Or see you in the arms of another.*

Enter Argus behind.

Arg. So, so, this is as it should be: they are as gracious as can be already.—How the young tit smuggles her! Adod, she kisses with a hearty good will.

Are. I must confess, captain, I am half inclin'd to believe you.

Arg. Captain! how's this? bless my eye-sight! I know the villain now; but I'll be even with him.

Be. Dear madam, don't trifle so, the parson's at the very next door, you'll be tack'd together in an instant, and then I'll trust you to come back to your cage again, if you can do it with a safe conscience.

Arg. Here's a treacherous jade! but I'll do your business for you, Mrs. Jezebel.

Bet. Consider, madam, what a life you lead here; what a jealous, ill-natur'd, watchful, covetous, barbarous, old cuff of a father you have to deal with—What a glorious opportunity this is, and what a sad, sad, very sad thing it is, to die a maid!

A I R.

*Would you live a stale virgin for ever,
Sure you're out of your senses,
Or these are pretences;
Can you part with a person so clever?
In troth you are bigbly to blame.
And you, Mr. Lover, to trifle;
I thought that a soldier
Was wiser and bolder!
A warrior should plunder and rifle;
A Captain!—Ob, fye for shame!*

Arg. If that jade dies a maid, I'll die a martyr.

Bet. In short, Madam, if you stay much longer, you may repent it every vein in your heart—The old hunks will undoubtedly pop in upon us and discover all, and then we're undone for ever.

Arg. You may go to the devil for ever, Mrs. Impudence.

Are. Well, captain, if you should deceive me.

Row. If I do, may Heaven—

Are. Nay, no swearing, captain, for fear you should prove like the rest of your sex.

Row. How can you doubt me, Arethusa, when you know how much I love you?

Arg. A wheedling dog! But I'll spoil his sport anon.

Bet. Come, come away, dear Madam!—I have the jewels: but stay, I'll go first, and see if the coast be clear.

[*Argus meets her.*]

Arg. Where are you a going, pretty maiden?

Bet. Only do---do---do---down stairs, Sir.

Arg. And what hast thou got there, child?

Bet. Nothing but pi---pi---pi---pins, Sir.

Arg. Here, give me the pins, and do you go to hell, Mrs. Minx. Dy'e hear, out of my house this moment; these are chamber-jades, forsooth—

O tempora! O mores! what an age is this? Get you in, forsooth, I'll talk with you anon. [*Exit Arethusa.*]

So, Captain, are those your regimental cloaths? I'll assure you they become you mightily. If you did but see yourself now, how much like a hero you look! *Ecce signum!* ha, ha, ha!

Rev. Blood and fury! stop your grinning, or I'll stretch your mouth with a vengeance.

Arg. Nay, nay, Captain Belfwagger, if you're so passionate, it's high time to call aid and assistance: here, Richard, Thomas, John, help me to lay hold on this fellow; you have no sword now, Captain, no sword, d'ye mark me.

Enter Servants and Robin.

Rev. But I have a pistol, Sir, at your service.

[*Pulls out a pistol.*]

Arg. O Lord! O Lord!

Rev. And I'll unload it in your breast, if you stir one step after me. [*Exit.*]

Arg. A bloody-minded dog! But lay hold on that rogue there, that country cheat.

Rob. See here, gentlemen, are two little bull-dogs of the same breed, [*Presenting two pistols.*] they are wonderful scourers of the brain; so that if you offer to molest or follow me—you understand me, gentlemen; you understand me.

1st Ser. Yes, yes, we understand you, with a pox.

2d Ser. The devil go with 'em, I say.

Arg. Ay, ay, good by to you, in the devil's name — A terrible dog; what a fright he has put me in? — I shan't be myself this month; and you, ye cowardly rascals, to stand by and see my life in danger; get out, ye slaves, out of my house, I say — I'll put an end to all this; for I'll not have a servant in the house — I'll carry all the keys in my pocket, and never sleep more. What a murdering son of a whore is this? But I'll prevent him; for to-morrow she shall be marry'd certainly, and then my furious gentleman can have no hopes left — A Jezabel, to love a red-coat without any money! — Had he but money, if he wanted sense, manners, or even manhood itself, it not matter'd a pin — but to want money is the devil! Well, I'll secure her under lock and key till to-morrow; and if her husband can't keep her from captain-hunting, e'en let her bring home a fresh pair of horns ev'ry time she goes out upon the chace.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

Arethusa discovered sitting melancholy on a couch.

A I R.

O leave me to complain
My loss of liberty;
I never more shall see my swain,
Nor ever more be free.

O cruel, cruel fate!
What joy can I receive,
When, in the arms of one I hate,
I'm doom'd, alas! to live?

Ye pitying pow'rs above,
That see my soul's dismay;
O! bring me back the man I love,
Or take my life away.

Enter Argus.

Arg. So, lady? you're welcome home?—See how the pretty turtle sits moaning the loss of her mate!—What, not a word, Thusy? not a word, child? Come, come, come, don't be in the dumps now, and I'll fetch the captain, or the squire's sister; perhaps they may make it prattle a bit—Ah! ungracious girl! Is all my care come to this? Is this the gratitude you shew your uncle's memory, to throw away what he had bustled so hard for at so mad a rate? Did he leave you 12,000*l.* think you, to make you no better than a soldier's trull, to follow a camp? To carry a knapsack? This is what you'd have, mistress! is it not?

Are. This, and ten thousand times worse, were better with the man I love, than to be chain'd to the nauseous embraces of one I hate.

Arg. A very dutiful lady, indeed! I'll make you sing another song to-morrow; and till then, I'll leave you in *salva custodia* to consider.—B'ye, Thusy!

Are. How barbarous is the covetousness and caution of ill-natur'd parents? They toil for estates, with a view to make posterity happy, and then, by mistaken prudence, they match us to our aver-

sion; but I am resolv'd not to suffer tamely, however:—They shall see, tho' my body's weak, my resolution's strong; and I may yet find spirit enough to plague them.

A I R.

*Sooner than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize,
I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a sacrifice.*

*Nor bolts, nor bars, shall me controul,
I death and danger dare;
Restrain but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair.*

*The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly;
Before I live with him I hate,
For him I love I'll die.*

[Exit,

SCENE, *The Street.*

Heartwell and Rowewell meeting.

Rowe. So, my dear friend, here already!—
This is very kind.

Heart. Sure, captain, this lady must have some extraordinary merit, for whom you undertake such difficulties! What are her particular charms, besides her money?

Rowe. I'll tell you, Sir.

A I R.

[The words by another hand.]

*Without affectation, gay, youthful, and pretty;
Without pride or meanness, familiar and witty;
Without forms obliging, good-natur'd and free;
Without art as lovely, as lovely can be.
She acts what she thinks, and she thinks what she says,
Regardless alike both of censure and praise;
Her thoughts, and her words, and her actions are such,
That none can admire 'em, or praise her too much.*

Heart. Well, success attend you—You know where to find me, when there's occasion? [Exit,

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir ! I want to speak with you.

[Whispers Rowe]

Rowe. Is your mistress lock'd up, say you ?

Boy. Yes, Sir, and Betty's turn'd away, and all the men servants ; and there's no living soul in the house but our old cook-maid, and I, and my master, and Mrs. Thufy ; and she cries, and cries, her eyes out almost.

Rowe. O ! the tormenting news ! But if the garrison is so weak, the castle may be the sooner storm'd. How did you get out ?

Boy. Thro' the kitchen window, Sir.

Rowe. Shew me the window, presently.

Boy. A-lack-a-day, it won't do, Sir ! That plot won't take !

Rowe. Why, Sirrah ?

Boy. You are something too big, Sir.

Rowe. I'll try that, however.

Boy. Indeed, Sir, you can't get your leg in ; but I could put you in a way.

Rowe. How, dear boy ?

Boy. I can lend you the key of Mrs. Thufy's chamber—if you can contrive to get into the house. But you must be sure to let my mistress out.

Rowe. How could'st thou get it ? This is almost a miracle.

Boy. I pick'd it out of my master's coat pocket this morning, Sir, as I was brushing him.

Rowe. That's my boy ! there's money for you : this child will come to good in time.

Boy. My master will miss me, Sir ; I must go ; but I wish you good luck.

A I R.

Arethusa at the window above.

A dialogue between her and Rowewell.

Row. Make haste, and away, my only dear ;

Make haste, and away, away !

For all at the gate,

Your true lover does wait,

And prithe make no delay.

Are. O how shall I steal away, my love ?

O how shall I steal away ?

*My daddy is near ;
And I dare not for fear ;
Pray come then another day.*

*Rev. O this is the only day, my life,
O this is the only day !
I'll draw him aside,
While you throw the gates wide,
And then you may steal away.*

*Are. Then prithee make no delay, my dear ;
Then prithee make no delay ;
We'll serve him a trick,
For I'll slip in the nick,
And with my true love away.*

C H O R U S.

*O Cupid, befriend a loving pair,
O Cupid, befriend us, we pray ;
May our stratagem take,
For thine own sweet sake,
And, Amen ! let all true lovers say.*
[Arethusa withdrawn]

Enter Robin, as a lawyer, and soldiers.

*Rob. So, my hearts of oak, are you all ready ?
Sold. Yes, an't please your honour.*

Rev. You know your cue, then——to your post.

[They retire to a corner of the stage ; he knocks smartly at the door.]

Rob. What, are you all asleep, or dead in the house, that you can't hear ?

[Argus holding the door in his hand.]

Arg. Sir ! You are very hasty, methinks——

Rob. Sir ! My business requires haste.

Arg. Sir ! You had better make haste about it, for I know no business you have here.

Rob. Sir, I am come to talk with you on an affair of consequence.

Arg. Sir, I don't love talking ; I know you not, and consequently can have no affairs with you.

Rob. Sir ! Not know me !

Arg. Sir ! It's enough for me to know myself.

Rob. A damn'd thwarting old dog this fame.
[*Aside.*] *Sir, I live but just in the next street. [Takes him.]*

Arg. Sir! If you liv'd at Jamaica 'tis the same thing to me.

Rob. [*Aside.*] I find coaxing won't do, I must change my note, or I shall never unkennel this old fox——[*To him.*] Well Mr. Argus, there's no harm done, so take your leave of 3000l. You have enough of your own already. [*Going.*]

Arg. How? 3000l.! I must enquire into this. [*Aside.*] Sir! a word with you.

Rob. Sir, I have nothing to say to you. I took you to be a prudent person, that knew the worth of money, and how to improve it; but I find I'm deceiv'd.

Arg. Sir, I hope you'll excuse my rudeness; but, you know, a man cannot be too cautious.

Rob. Sir, that's true, and therefore I excuse you; but I'd take such treatment from no man in England besides yourself.

Arg. Sir, I beg your pardon; but to the business.

Rob. Why thus it is: a spend-thrift young fellow is galloping through a plentiful fortune; I have lent 2000l. upon it already, and if you'll advance an equivalent, we'll fore-close the whole estate, and share it between us; for I know he can never redeem it.

Arg. A very judicious man; I'm sorry I affronted him. [*Aside.*] But how is this to be done?

Rob. Very easily, Sir——A word in your ear; a little more this way.

[*Draws him aside; the soldiers get between him and the door.*]

Arg. But the title, Sir, the title.

Rob. Do you doubt my veracity?

Arg. Not in the least, Sir; but one cannot be too sure.

Rob. That's very true, Sir, and therefore I'll make sure of you now I have you.

[*Robin trips up his heels; the Soldiers blindfold and gag him, and stand over him, while Rowewell carries Arethusa off; after which they leave him, he making a great noise.*]

Enter Mob.

All. What's the matter, what's the matter?

[*They ungag him, &c.*]

Arg. O neighbours, I'm robb'd and murder'd, ruin'd and undone for ever.

1st Mob. Why, what's the matter, master?

Arg. There's a whole legion of thieves in my

house; they gag'd and blindfolded me, and offer'd forty naked swords at my breast—I beg of you assist me, or they'll strip the house in a minute.

2d Mob. Forty drawn swords, say you, Sir?

Arg. Ay, and more, I think, on my conscience.

2d Mob. Then look you, Sir, I'm a marry'd man, and have a large family, I would not venture amongst such a parcel of blood-thirsty rogues for the world; but if you please I'll call a constable.

All. Ay, ay, call a constable, call a constable.

Arg. I shan't have a penny left, if we stay for a constable—I am but one man, and as old as I am, I'll lead the way, if you'll follow me.

[*Going in.*]

All. Ay, ay, in, in, follow, follow, hazza!

1st Mob. Pr'ythee, Jack, do you go in, if you come to that.

3d Mob. I go in! what should I go in for? I have lost nothing.

Wom. What, nobody to help the poor old gentleman; odd! bobs! if I was a man, I'd follow him myself.

3d Mob. Why don't you, then? What occasion-
ableness have I to be kill'd for him, or you either.

Enter Robin as Constable.

All. Here's Mr. Constable, here's Mr. Constable.

Rob. Silence, in the king's name.

All. Ay, silence, silence.

Rob. What's the meaning of this riot? Who makes all this disturbance?

1st Mob. I'll tell you, Mr. Constable.

3d Mob. And't please your worship, let me speak.

Rob. Ay, this man talks like a man of parts—What's the matter, friend?

3d Mob. And't please your noble worship's honour and glory, we are his Majesty's liege subjects, and were terrify'd out of our habitations and dwelling-places by a cry from abroad, which your noble worship must understand was occasionable by the gentleman of this house, who was so unfortunate as to be killed by thieves, who are now in his house to the numeration of above forty, and't please your worship, all compleatly arm'd with powder and ball, back-swords, pistols, bayonets, and blunderbusses.

Rob. But what is to be done in this case?

3d Mob. Why an please your worship, knowing

your noble honour to be the king's majesty's noble officer of the peace, we thought 'twas best your honour shou'd come and terrify these rogues away with your noble authority.

Rob. Well said, very well said, indeed! —
Gentlemen, I am the king's officer, and I command you, in the king's name, to aid and assist me to call those rogues out of the house—Who's within there? I charge you come out in the king's name, and submit yourselves to our royal authority.

Argus from the house.

2d Mob. This is the gentleman that was kill'd, and please your worship,

Arg. O! neighbours, I'm ruin'd and undone for ever! They have taken away all that's dear to me in the world.

1st Mob. That's his money; 'tis a sad covetous dog.

Rob. Why what's the matter? What have they done?

Arg. O! They have taken my child from me, my Thufy!

Rob. Good lack!

3d Mob. Marry come up, what valuation can she be? — But have they taken nothing else?

Arg. Wou'd they had stript my house of every pennyworth, so they had left my child.

1st Mob. That's a lye, I believe; for he loves his money more than his soul, and would sooner part with that than a groat.

Arg. This is the captain's doings; but I'll have him hang'd.

Rob. But where are the thieves?

Arg. Gone, gone, beyond all hopes of pursuit.

2d Mob. What! are they gone! Then, come neighbours, let us go in, and kill every mother's child of 'em.

Rob. Hold, I charge you to commit no murder; follow me, and we'll apprehend them.

Arg. Go, villains, cowards, scoundrels, or I shall suspect you are the thieves that mean to rob me of what is yet left. How brave you are, now all the danger's over? Oh! firrah, you dog! [*Looking at Robin*] You are that rogue Robin, the captain's man. Seize him, neighbours! seize him!

Rob. [*Aside.*] I don't care what you do, for the jobb's over, I see my master a coming.

Arg. Why don't you seize him, I say?

1st Mob. Not we; we have lost too much time about an old fool a'ready.

2d Mob. Ay, the next time you're bound and gagg'd, you shall lie and be damn'd for me.

3d Mob. Ay, and me too; come along, neighbours, come along. [*Exeunt Mob.*]

Enter Rowewell, Hearty, Arethusa, Betty, and Robin.

Arg. Bless me! who have we got here? O Thusy! Thusy! I had rather never have seen thee again, than have found you in such company.

Are. Sir, I hope my husband's company is not criminal?

Arg. Your husband? who's your husband, housewife? that scoundrel, captain——Out of my sight, thou ungracious wretch!——I'll go make my will this instant——and you, you villain, how dare you to look me in the face after all this——I'll have you hang'd, sirrah! I will so.

Heart. O fye, brother Argus, moderate your passion. It ill becomes the friendship you owe Ned Northy, to vilify and affront his only child, and for no other crime than improving that friendship which has ever been between us.

Arg. Ha! my dear friend alive! I heard thou wer't dead in the Indies——and is that thy son? and my godson too, if I am not mistaken.

Heart. The very same——the last and best remains of our family; forc'd by my wife's cruelty, and my absence, to the army. My wife is since dead, and the son she had by her former husband, whom she intended to heir my estate; but fortune guided me by mere chance to my dear boy, who, after twenty years absence, and changing my name, knew me not, till I just now discovered myself to him and your fair daughter, whom I will make him deserve by thirty thousand pounds, which I brought from India, besides what real estate I may leave him at my death.

Arg. And to match that, old boy! my daughter shall have every penny of mine, besides her uncle's legacy.——Ah! you young rogue, had I known you, I would not have us'd you so roughly——however, since you have won my girl so bravely, take her, and welcome——but you must excuse all faults——the old man meant all for the best; you must not be angry.

Rowe. Sir, on the contrary, we ought to beg your

pardon for the many disquiets we have given you ;
and, with your pardon, we crave your blessing.

[*They kneel.*]

Arg. You have it, children, with all my heart.
Adod, I am so transported, I don't know whether I
walk or fly.

Are. May your joy be everlasting.

Roswell and Arethusa embracing.

D U E T T O.

*Thus fondly caressing,
My idol, my treasure,
How great is the blessing !
How sweet is the pleasure !
With joy I behold thee,
And doat on thy charms ;
Thus rapt I enfold thee,
I've heav'n in my arms.*





THE
S T O R Y
O F
Unfortunate Phillis.

COLIN, a gentle shepherd swain,
With ev'ry virtue grac'd,
Upon the fairest of the plain
His fond affection plac'd.

Young Phillis, beautiful and gay,
By all admir'd and lov'd,
Had stolen the shepherd's heart away;
But, mark how Phillis prov'd !

Deaf and regardless to his pray'r,
With scorn she from him flew;
She was unkind, as she was fair,
And false, as he was true.

Poor Colin, forc'd by her disdain,
To desarts wild retir'd ;
Where oft he sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,
For her whom he admir'd.

Tho' other nymphs for Colin pin'd,
Phillis his love despis'd :
And to that passion was unkind,
Which many would have priz'd.

But she, who had thus long deny'd
 An humble, constant swain,
 Phillis, who had, with wond'rous pride,
 Resisted all the plain,

Was vanquish'd by a coat of lace,
 And by an outside won :
 By flaxen wig, and brazen face,
 Poor Phillis was undone.

It chanc'd a splendid courtier came
 To breathe the rural air ;
 Whose gay addresses did inflame
 The too, too easy fair.

This courtier, artful to deceive,
 So much on Phillis gain'd,
 All he could ask, or she could give,
 He easily obtain'd.

But scarce had he the fair enjoy'd,
 And gain'd her tender heart ;
 When, with her fond embraces cloy'd,
 He sily did depart.

Phillis thus basely left alone,
 By him whom she ador'd,
 To ev'ry eccho made her moan,
 And ev'ry Pow'r implor'd.

But ah, alas ! too late she found
 Her darling so unkind,
 For love had all their labours crown'd,
 And left a pledge behind.

Of Colin now she seeks relief,
 And to the desert flies ;
 Where he had stol'n to vent his grief,
 And eccho forth his cries.

But Colin, grown much wiser now,
 Experienc'd by his smart,

Met Phillis with an angry brow,
And baffled all her art.

His love was now to hatred turn'd,
His fondness to disdain;
And she who had his passion scorn'd,
He scorn'd as much again.

Back to the groves he did repair,
And there in wedlock-join'd
A nymph, as faithless Phillis fair,
But much more chaste and kind.

Poor Phillis far remoter fled,
Her adverse fate to blame;
Where she conceal'd her guilty head,
But not her grief and shame.



